THE GIPSY NURSE.

MARKED FOR LIFE.

By the Author of "The Cooper's Ward," "The Secret Drawer," "Manson the Miser," de., de.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BIRTH-MARK. A womar, tall and gaunt, sallow-featured, but with flashing black eyes, stood before Mr. Dan-'s mansion. forth's mar

She ascended the steps and with a compalled the bell.

The summons was answered by Betsy Stone.

"Is Mrs. Danforth at home?" asked the new

comer.
"I think so. I will inquire," answered Betsy.
"Who shall I say wishes to see her?"
"No name will be necessary. You need only
say that it is a me one who wishes to see her on

then?"
"It's often misfortune that drives people to
it; though," continued the old lady, looking
learly at Mrs. Mudge, "they don't always have

Mrs. Mudge colored.

"Go back to your room," said she, sharply, and don't stay here, accusing me and Mr. Mudge of unchristian conduct. You're the most troublesome pauper we have on our hands, and I do wish the town would find some otherway to travible for you."

provide for you."
"So do I," sighed Aunt Lucy to herself, though she did not think fit to give audible voice to her

At that moment, a carriage was winding long the road which led to the Poor House.

It contained three persons.

These were a gentleman and lady of middle age, and a stout, handsome boy of sixteen.

Need I say that they were Harry and his

new-found parents?

He had not forgotten his promise to his early friend, Aunt Lucy, but had come now to re-

Harry, eagerly, rising in the carriage and pointing to the Poor House.

Under what different circumstances from those in which he had set out was he nowreturn-

ing to it.

Then he was poor, and well-nigh friendless—
now rich in wealth, and in relatives, the nearest
and the dearest.

'That old house, Harry," said his mother

"That old house, Harry," said his mother looking out. "Is it possible you ever lived in that desolate looking place?"

"Yes, mother, it is indeed, and many a miserable hour I passed there. I long to get dear, kind, old Aunt Lucy away from it."

"What can that carriage be?" queried Mrs. Brdge, discovering it from the window.

"I den't knew, I'm sure," said her husband, taking a look out.

taking a look out.
"It isn't often that a carriage comes this

"No, not a carriage me that."
"I declare if it isn't coming here," said Mrs,
Mudre, "and I looking like a fright."
"You don't look much different from usual,"

"You don't look much underent look as, sa d her husband.

Nevertheless Mrs. Mudge bustled round, and found a clean apron, and succeeded in "slicking" her hair as she termed it, before a knock was

her hair as she termed it, before a knock was heard at the door.

She opened the door, but in the stoat boy who stood before her, she was far from recognizing Harry Conaut, who had not been in very good booily health when he left the house.

"Is Aunt Lucy Lee in?" asked Harry, not caring to declare himself to an old enemy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mudge, obsequiously; "would you like to see her?"

If you please."
'What can be want of that old lady?" thought

"Ant can be want of that on hary? thought Mrs. Mudge.

"Aunt Lucy," said she, with more politeness than usual, "here is a visitor for you."

"A visitor for me?" asked aunt Lucy, looking at Mrs. Mudge somewhat suspiciously.

"Yes, and as he has come in a carriage, you'd better slick up a little—put on a clean cap or something."

Mrs. Danforth—by whom a hasty explanation was made of the change in Harry's circumstan-

ces.
"Well, wonders will never cease," said Mrs.
Mudge, holding up both hands. "If that doesn't
turn out to be Harry Conant, who's found some
rich parents, and rides in his coach."
"It's a pity you showed that paragraph to
Aunt Lucy this morning."

"That you showed it, you mean," retorted his

Here Mrs. Mudge had the effrontery to press

her way out, and exclaimed:

"Can I believe my eyes? How delighted I am to see you again, Harry Conant. You don't know how much we've missed you."

"Yes," said her husband, emboldened by her

example, "there hasn't been a day passed hardly, that we havn't spoken of you."
"I ought to feel grateful for your remembrance," said Harry, his eye twinkling with mirth. "But I don't think, Mr. Mudge, you

"Always," said Mr. Mudge, hastily.

"Always," said Mr. Mudge, hastily.

"We are going to take from you another of your boarders," said Harry. "Can you spare Aunt Lucy?"

Aunt Lucy?"
"For how long?" asked Mrs. Mudge.
"For all the time, if she will consent to it."
"Do you really mean so?" said Aunt Lucy,
yfully.

j. yfully.

Yes, Aunt Lucy; you know I promised you a home some time, and my good father and mother have given me the means of fulfilling my

"Can I be of service in assisting you to pack up, Aunt Lucy?"said Mrs. Mudge, with newborn

politeness.
"Ne," answered Harry, "She won't have occasion for anything there is in the house. She is to have a supply of new things."
The old lade shed grateful tears, and Mrs.

Mudge felt as if she would like to tear her eyes

And now, dear reader, it behooves us to draw

as happy as the day is long, and so are his wife and children.

robes, who always meets a kindly reception. It is Felipa Morna. She is now a humble, contrite woman, and has long since repented the great wrong she once did. If sincere sorrow can wipe out sin, then is she forgiven.

THE cholera is killing the buffaloes on the western prairies by thousands.

THE Charleston Mercury states that W. W. WALKER, Jr., of the Columbia, S. C., Courier, has received a legacy from a relation in England amounting to \$625,000.

A WOMAN who recently had twins has named the oldest boy ROBERT SCHUYLER—from his connection with the over-issue of stock,

Ar the Merrimack County Fair, at Concord, this week, there is to be a novelty we have never witnessed in New England, a scrub race, the slowest horse winning the purse? All the horses go to the saddle, and no one rides his own horse, but rides the horse of some other man. Of course each rides as fast he can, so that he may lead his own horse. If the riders ride as fast as they can, the horse that is really the slowest will win.

out for her good fortune.

"Hush, they'll hear."

way."
"No, not a carriage like that."

like to see her?"

em it.

Mrs. Mudge colored.

say that it is some one who wishes to see her on a matter of importance."

"Who can it be?" thought Betsy, as she turned away to do the stranger's bidding. "Surely, I have seen that face somewhere."

But she never thought of Felipa Morna.

Mrs. Danforth was at home, and directed Betsy to usher the stranger up stairs into the room which she had formerly occupied as a chamber, but now used partly as a sitting room.

There was the very bureau from which Felipa had taken the diamond necklace. She could not avoid glancing at it furlively as she entered the apartment. aparitmen'. "Take a sest," said Mrs. Danforth. "Betsy,

you may withdraw."
"I only wish I knew who she was," thought "Tonly wish I knew who she was," thought Be'sey. "I'm sure I have seen her somewhere." "You wish to see me on a matter of import-ance?" said Mrs. Danforth, interrogatively, quoting the message she had sent by Betsy. "I do."

"I am ready to hear you. Speak without "In the first place, Mrs. Danforth," said Fe-

lipa, removing entirely the veil with which she had partly screened her features, "am I so changed that you do not recognize me?" Mrs. Danforth looked long and fixedly. Then

Mrs. Danforth looked long and fixedly. Then it seemed to flash upon her, and she exclaimed "You are Felipa Morna."

"I am that unhappy woman," said the nurse"
"I should hardly have known you," said Mrs. Danforth, pityingly. "You are much changed."
"Yes, much," said Felipa. "The fifteen years that have passed have been no haleyon days to me. They have been crowded with misery and watch dozen." wretchedness. I wonder only that I have not changed more under their influence."

1.11, too, have been unhappy," said Mrs. Dan-

forth.
"Yes, and I am the cause. But prepare to reloice. I can at least repair in part the wrong I Mrs. Danforth rose excitedly, and crossing the rom, placed her hand on Felipa's arm.
"O, Felipa," she said, imploringly, "tell me, by all that we hold sacred, what have you done

with my child?"
"That is my errand te-day," said Felipa. "Tell me only that he is alive," said the mother, deeply moved.
"Se not anxious on that score," said Felipa,

"Yes, and well."
"Yes, and well."
"Thank you—bless you for that!" and the other's joy found vent in a gush of happy

"What, have you no repreaches for me who "What, have you no reproaches for me who have kept him from you so long?" asked Felipa, keenly observing her.

"In times past I have, and indeed, Felipa, it was cruel to take from me my only child, but mow—new that you tell me that he is safe and well, I can have no reproaches for you. I forgive you freely."

"But I cannot forgive myself," said Felipa, betraving feeling. "I did not know what a we-

betraying feeling. "I did not know what a wo-man I had wronged."

"And now. Felipa, tell me where he is. If he is at the furthest corner of the earth, I will send for him. I will go for him."

"He is in New York."

"Yes."

And how long has he been here?"

"For three years at least,"

"And I have not seen him. Has a mother been so near her boy and not known it. O, if I had only seen him once, I should—I must have known that he was my boy."

"Remember it is so many years."

"Yet I should have known him."
"On the contrary you have seen him, M
Danforth, and yet have not recognized him," "O, where is he?"

"I will not longer try your patience. He is even now employed in Mr. Danforth's office." "What, HARRY CONANT?" "He is your son."
"I see, I see, and yet I was so blind that I did

"I see, I see, and yet I was so blind that I did not know it before. I must see him at once."
She rang the bell violently.
Started at the violence with which the bell was rung, Betsy said to herself, "That woman was a susticious character. She may be murdering mistress for all I know."

The beginded up the stairs, two at a time, and, panting and out of breath, stood in presence of her mistress.

"What is the matter?" she gasped.

"Throw on your bonnet at once. Betsy—

"Throw on your bonnet at once, Betsy-don't stop a minute-and run over to the courting-room—or stay, get a coach, that will take you quicker, and tell Mr. Danforth and my—I mean Harry Conant—that they are to come up here at once."

"Yes, ma'am," said Betsy, quite overpowered by the torreit of directions, "I'll go at once; but what shall I tell them has banyoned?

by the torrent of directions, "I'll go at once; but what shall I tell them has happened?"
"Nothing, nothing, only tell them to come. I'll tell you what it is when you get back."
If Mrs. Danforth had intended to set before Mrs. the strongest incentive to speed she could not have succeeded better than now.

With her curiosity at the highest pitch, and anxious to have it gratified, Betsy hastened to prepare herself for her excursion, neglecting even to put on her silk dress, which she invariably put off when about to appear in Broadway, and, in about as short a time as centel reasonably be expected, entered Mr. Danforth's counting-room.

"Please, Mr. Danforth," said she, "you're to come right up to the house just as soon as you possibly can, and bring Mr. Harry Conant with you."
"Bless me, Betsy, what has happened," asked

Mr. Danforth, somewhat startled at the flurried appearance of his handmaid.

"That's more than I know," said Betsy, "Mistress seemed more excited than I've known her before, and she said I should know what it was

"You said she wished Harry to come up "What can it mean! My wife is not one to

excite herself for nothing."
"Harry," said he, "will you go round to the station and order a cab to be at the door immediately? You will then accompany us home." "Certainly," said Harry, not without sur-

prise.

The (ab was at the door directly, and soon deposited them at the door of Mr. Danforth's marking.

Mrs. Danforth saw them coming. She could not restrain her impatience, but, rushing down stairs, clasped the amazed Harry to her bosom, exclaiming: "My dear, my long lost boy!"

"Can mistress be crazy?" thought Betsy, in allent wonderment.

dilent wonderment.

"What does this mean?" askel Mr. Danferth, in no less ar prise.

"Can you ask?" exclaimed his wife. "Can you look at his face, so like your own, and fail to recognize our own child?"

"Is this, indeed, so?" asked Mr. Danforth, in an agitated tone. "I wish to believe it, but where is the proof?"

The nurse came forward and said, "The child which you lost had a peculiar mark upon his neck."

Yes, I remember." "Remove this boy's collar, and test the truth my statement."

of my statement."

It was done instantly, and there upon Harry's neck was seen a faint outline that is familiarly called a strawberry mark.

We pass over the next hour. It was spent in mutual explanations and felicitations. It would be hard to tell which was the happier—Harry in having found his parents, or they in recovering their long lost child.

CHAPTER XL.

Politon

TENNANDO SUP

One.day.Mr. Nicholas Mudge came home in Certainty, ill-fortune must have befallen

combody to make the good man so exhibitant.

The fact was, Mr. Mudge had come across across across item in the weekly paper for which he subscribed, which he felt sure would make Aunt Liney manager. He first communicated it to Mrs. Mudge, who highly approved his design.

She called Aunt Lucy from the common-

"Here, Aunt Lucy," said she, "here is some-taing which will interest you."

And Aunt Lucy came in, wondering that Mrs. Mudge should show herself so regardful of

her.
Here Mrs. Mudge went on to read a paragraphi

Here Mrs. Mudge went on to read a paragraph about a certain Harry Conant, who had been arrested for thieving. The account went on to say that he was sentenced to the House of Refermation f r a term of months.

"There," said Mrs. Mudgs, triumphantly, what do you say to your favori'e now? Turned out well, hasn't he? Didn't I always say so? I always knew that boy was bad at heart, and that he'd come to a bad end?

"I don't believe its the same boy," said Aunt Lucy, who was apprehensive, nevertheless, that it might be.

"If you don't believe it, just look at the paper for yourself."

And she thrust it into Aunt Lucy's hand.

"Yes," said the old lady, "I see that's the name; but for all that there is some mistake somewhere. I do not believe that it is the same boy."

tear Salisbury Plain. The more interesting results are thus stated:

Except that the two mounds were almost in a line, and had a mething to do with the Ron an camps, or these grassy ran parts that you see about Stomberg, the Wittshire men knew or cared nothing about the beap, to more than for the fine earth the mole daily throws up into memorials of its subterrance in the sent of the fine earth the mole daily throws up into memorials of its subterrance in the sent of the centre; there finding bones, we worked till we had exhausted that vern; then followed some traces of charcoal, at a right angle from the centre, and a fund more bones, and some fragments of very ruce, black, badly glazed pottery. The men, who halberto had half suspected that the bones might be those of persons who had died in or been removed item a jest house for the assail-pox, which stood wild and solidary, some forty years ago, in an adjacent is ope—now finding the bones "very ancient things, surely," dug with renewed care and energy. The bodies were buried very mar the surface of the soil, and had evidently been tumbled in in a haste that only fear or indifference could produce. Whether they were the violines of a battle or a vidige massacre, no one may tell; but they were certainly not turn d with the decency and religious anarety dad. On two saults, I elserved rude soars, as if from the edge of a finit sac, or some blunt cutting instrument.

Fut were this all I had to report my letter might well be thought importinent. It is as an anatomat and phereologist that I sook great pains in securing You don't? Just as if there would be more one boy of that name. There may be othered one boy of that name. There may be other counts, but 'tisn't at all likely that there he two Harry Conants.

If it was he," said Aunt Lucy, indignantly, is it Christian-like to rejoice over the poer boy's Misfortune! You call it a misfortune to steal,

For the edge of a flint axe, or some blant cutting instrument.

Fut were this all I had to report my letter might well be thought impertinent, it is as an anatomist and phrenologist that I took great pains in securing a male skull, that would give me some cive as to rec. I therefore made the keepers pick their way with great care, so as to observe how the bodies lay, and to tree the position of the bones. The ribs, as they stuck through the clay-like bits of dead stick, we picked out and cleaned. The teeth we collected as single pic cease possible. Where I could I pieced and mapped together the skulls and apinal columns—an equarian seal, as I put together the ghastly puzzle, strangely losting with deep thoughts of life and ceath. The nature of the mound we seen discovered; it was loose down earth, dug apparently from a hellow still visible adjeining, beyond which are seans traces of earth ramparts and trenches; this wall heaped over a pile of flints, below which you came for the had never been disturbed. Under the flints in straggling confusion, were the black saby earth layers, the seraps of pettery, and the bones and skulls. The had-and tennale skulls were clearly distinguishable; the former were small in cavity, and of immense hardness and thickness—three times the modern theickness—as if of savage aboriginal men accustomed to go bare-headed. The female skulls were as thin as the finest pie-crust, and delicate as terrac-atta, but equally intellectually deficient. Although some of the thigh bones were carious and even earthy, and had white roots of bind-weed grown through their tubes (just as you see drain-pipes chocked up sometimes). I obtained one male skull perfect in its from a baboon's, receding and curved inwards, and rather sunken. It is small, but flinty, thick as a negro's. The teeth, too, many of them evidently those of a yourg man in the prime of health, were perfect, pure white in their enamel as any you see at a dentist's door. The nolars were unknown, as if nothing harder than acouns ever set th

A Father Finds his Davanter after a Search of Twenty-Pive Years.

Years ago, a young man, Mr. T., resident of this town, says the Homer (N. Y.) Republican, went to Albany to see some friends, and while there made the acquaintance of a young lady, a dressmaker in the family he was visiting. During his stay in that city he won the affections of the dressmaker, and under the promise of marriage accomplished her ruin. Mr. T. left for his home, after assuring the young lady that he would return and fulfil his engagement; but, alas, his promise was not fulfilled—they never met again. After months of anxiety and self-upbraidings, Mr. T. returned to Albany to see the object of his affections and marry her; he loved her, though he had so cruelly deceived her. The dress maker had left the city and no traces of her could be found. He ascertained, however, that dress maker had left the city and no traces of her could be found. He ascertained, however, that she had given birth to a daughter, and after waiting months for his return, had left the city of her shame. After a fruitless effort to find her and his child, he returned to his home. Many long years have intervened; the young man has become a wealthy farmer and is surrounded by a happy and interesting family. He has been blessed with everything to make him happy, but the recollection of that wronged one has embittered his existence, and made life most miserable,—and year after year he has been untiring in his efforts to discover her or the offspring of their unballowed love. better siick up a little—put on a clean cap or something."

Aunt Lucy was soon ready.

"Pon't you know me?" asked Harry, meeting ler wondering glance.

"What," said she, her face lighting up with joy. "Can it be Harry Conant?"

"It is indeed, and here are my father and was a said of the cap with the cap mother outside, waiting to see you."
"But," said Aunt Lucy, bashfully.
"O, you must come, you see"—and Aunt Lucy
was in a moment shaking hands with Mr. and

spring of their unhallowed love.

The mother, after leaving Albany, married in one of the river counties, a mechanic. The daughter remained with her mother until she had one of the river counties, a mechanic. The daughter remained with her mother until she had reached the age of fifteen, when, in consequence of the ill-treatment of her step-father, she left her home and obtained a situation as a servant in the family of Mr. B., of Troy—that gentleman having formerly been a resident of this village. Seen after, the young girl's mother died, and having no relatives to whom she could look for sympathy or aid, she was persuaded to come to this city and reside in the family of Mr. B.'s father. She accordingly arrived here about nine years since, and five years ago was married to a young man, a mason by trade. Last winter the lady's husband was employed to do some work for Mr. T. After the work was completed, Mr. T. visited the mason's house several times for the purpose of carrying produce in payment for his labor. Mr. T. was impressed with the appearance of the young man's wife, and on inquiry ascertained where she was from, what her mother's name was before she was married, &c., (the daughter had been christened the name of her step-father,) and after a most thorough investigation, he became convinced that she was his fore, led dwickfer! T.'e. a most thorough investigation, he became con-vinced that she was his tong tost daughter! T.'s wife had never known of his criminal love, and he dared not reveal it to her. For several months he wrapt the secret in his own breast, till at last paternal affection would no longer allow him to remain silent, and he made himself known to his daughter, told his wife all, who wisely forgave daugnter, tota ms wite all, who wisely forgave him, and consented to receive her as one of the family. The daughter is happy in the possession of a father's love, and will be joint heir of his property. Truly, "Truth's stranger than fiction."

SEVERAL correspondents want to know something of the game of cricket. It would occupy too much space to give the game in detail; but we will endeavor to outline the points of it, so that the reader can understand, at least, a little of the merits of the play. Three stumps are inserted in the ground, about three inches apart, connected together at the top by two pieces of wood called bails, which lie loosely on the top, ready te fall from the least touch of the ball.

At the distance of twenty-two yards, three other stumps are similarly placed, and in front of the stumps, or wickets as they are termed—a line, distant four feet from the wicket, is drawn, marking the boundary of the batsman's ground, outside of which he is liable at all times to be put out. The object of the bowler is to knock down the stumps or hit the bails off with the ball—the aim of the batsman being to prevent him, and at the same time to hit the ball a sufficient distance to admit of his running from wicket to wicket before the stumps are knocked down with the ball. For every such run he scores one. Twenty-two players are engaged in a regular contest—eleven on a side. Eleven go into the field, taking various positions—such as those of i'bowlers'—of which there are two 'wicket-keeper,' "long stop," "point," "slips," "cover-point," "mid-wicket, off and on"—that is, to the right or left of the batsman who first receives the ball—"long-leg," "short-leg," &c.; these positions being chiefly those in the field where the ball is most frequently hit by the batsman.

Behind the stump the "wicket-keeper" stands, bid the batsman. The Came of Orleket. And now, dear reader, it behooves us to draw together the different threads of our story, and bring all to a satisfactory conclusion.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Mudge,—they are no longer in charge of the Wrenville Poor House. After Aunt Lucy's departure, Mrs. Mudge became so morose and despotical, that her rule became intolerable, and complaints became so loud that one fine morning Squire Newcome was compelled to ride over and give the interesting couple warning to leave "immejiately."

George Dawkins has given up his situation, or rather been compelled to do so, having developed rather been compelled to do so, having developed into a "fast young man." His father having just failed, it is possible that he will not be disposed to look down with so much contempt upon his country relations as before.

Mr. Stubbs is still in the tin business. He is The place of Dawkins in Mr. Danforth's counting room has been filled by Joseph Deane, the boy who assisted Harry in making his escape. The sexton and his wife are always welcome guests at the house of Mr. Danforth. Many a rich present has found its way to their humble abode, and with Harry they are still "Uncle Hugh" and "Aunt Hester." As for our here, happy in the love of his parents, and in the enjoyment of all that can make life happy, so far as externel circumstances have that power, let us all wish him God speed.—Sometimes, (we must not forget to mention her there comes to the house a tall woman, in dark

where the ball is most frequently hit by the batsman.

Behind the stump the "wicket-keeper" stands, his duty being to stop the balls when they pass the batsman. Behind him again is the "long-stop," who stops all balls that passes the 'wicket-keeper." The great activity and herve requisite in the onerous duty of "wicket-keeper" renders it one that few are found to fill, even creditably, much less with marked ability.—When a run is obtained without the ball being hit is termed a bye, and when touching the person of the batsman, a leg byo—byes being generally obtained from balls that pass the long stop. The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerksd, and the batsman is put out when the ball passes his bat and knocks the wicket down, or when he hits the ball in the air and it is caught before touching the ground, or if the balls are knocked off while he is out of air and it is caught before touching the ground, or if the balls are knocked off while he is out of

his ground.

According as agreed upon, the game is either played "Four Over" or "Eight Over," which means that Four or Eight Balls are bowled from one end—the game keeper calls "Over!"—the players reverse their positions—and another Bowler plays his ball from the opposite wickets. All balls rolled out of reach of the Batter are claimed and added on to his Club's score; they are termed "wides."

If a batter has his leg before his wicket when the ball is played, he is ruled out of the "Innings." The letters "l. b. w." signify leg before wicket.

An "Innings" consists in all the players on one

wicket.

An "Inninge" consists in all the players on one side either being caught or run out.

When a batter strikes the ball he runs from

natural for every one to wish to appear beautifut, we will give our lady readers a hint or two, worth all the campbene recipes in the world.

"The most infallible recipe to secure a pure complexion, is to live on but few articles of food. In every part of the world where fine complexions, whether blonde or brunette abound, it will be found that people are healthy, and that the pearantry or country people have the finest. Of all the causes of bad complexion among women hot bread, or biscuit, or cakes, and next to them heavy bread, is the worst. Plain warm water is one of the most effectual agents to remove sunburn, but it may be aided by Indian meal or lemen juice. There is a popular preparation of corrosive sublimate and rose water, which, used in limited quantities, is said to be effectual. But of all preparations, the best by far, infinitely surpassing any preparations of camphene and salt, and what is more, infinitely more agreeable to use, is the celebrated lac virginis, or "virgin's milk," so well known to the beauties of the courts of Charlos the Second and Louis XiV., and to which the dazzling complexions, now faintly reflected in the pictures of Yandyke and Mignard, are with some exagge.

beanties of the courts of Charles the Second and Louis XIV., and to which the dazzling complexions, now faintly reflected in the pictures of Vandyke and Mignard, are with some exaggeration, attributed. This lac virginis is nothing but a few drops of the tincture of benzoin, sold by every apothecary, in a wine-glass of water. The mixture forms a milk, or what French perfumers term an enulsion, which is very pleasant both as regards smell and its feeling on the skin when used to wash with. The French prepare several emulsions of this nature, all perfectly harmless, and some exquisitely agreeable, such as the celebrated enu de toiette. The reader, curious in such matters, may consult Piesse on Perfumery, for an account of the preparation of these and all other cosmetics.

"But the great recipe, be'ore which all cosmetics are as trash indeed, is daily bathing and careful friction with hair gloves and towels. When the body has been made healthy by proper diet, exercise and medicines; when care is taken to avoid excess of acidity, and when the digestion is in perfect order, then that complexion must indeed be an obstinate one which will not improve with bathing and long continued friction. Not only softness but actual brilliancy of skin as though one had bathed in the famous Schlangenbad, is often the result of this, so that the lady who tries it may exclaim with the Countess who essayed the German bath in question,' I've really failen in love with myself."

The Great Oyster Bed. Some time in the year 1841, a bed of young, or seedling oysters, was found near the east beach, at the mouth of Northport harbor, and or seeding cysters, was found near the east beach, at the mouth of Northport harbor, and there was a lively time among the cystermen, while the deposit lasted, in securing them for the purpose of transplanting. Among others, a man familiarly known at fluntington as Dick Scudder, was active with his little schooner in conveying away the cysters, his planting ground being directly across the Sound, near Norwalk, Conn. In one of these excursions, while beating over against a strong north-east wind, his craft was struck by a sudden flaw and capsized, spilling overboard thirty bushels, more or less, which were carried upon deck. The precise spot where this accident occurred, nearly twenty years ago, is now covered with a busy fleet of cyster-boats and vessels gathering a prolific harvest from the seed thus accidentally scattered. The little schooner was called the Dream, and its owner has long since gone to the land of shadows, but while living he probably never dreamed that his neighbors would so soon reap fortunes from the accident which deprived him of his hard earnings. Mr. James S. Leffents, who still presides at the little tide-mill at West Neck, where he has ground wheat and corn for nearly half a century, distinctly reand corn for nearly half a century, distinctly re-members the incident above related, and HERRY KETCHUM, of Huntington, whose father built the Dremm, attests the truth of the statement. This bream, attests the truin of the statement. This is believed to be the true origin of the famous oyster bed. Its location is north half-west from Eaton's Neck, one and a half miles, the lower or eastern end being bounded by a rocky reef, which extends nearly north from the point for a distance of over two miles. The length of the bed is about one mile, and its breadth from a half to three-quarters of a mile; the depth of water varying from five to six fathoms, forming a kind of middle ground, the water on each side being deeper. That the spawn of the oysters deposited in Northport and other contiguous harbors could ever have floated five miles, crossing two miles of the ebb and flood tides, and finding a lodgment at this point, is considered improbable.

As was the origin of the bed, so was the discovery wholly accidental. That the bivalves should have remained just the proper length of time in their hidden home to acquire the proper size for use, and should have been brought to light at the season when of all others they can be most profitably removed, may be considered a happy stroke of fortune. These circumstances have greatly enhanced the value of the discovery. Five men from Darien, Conn., were fishing opposite Eaton's Neck some fortnight ago, when the wind freshening, and finding their boat was dragging, they threw over an oyster dredge, which happened to be at hand. The boat continued to drag, however, and in hauling up the dredge, and shortly became convinced that a bed of great richness and extent lay beneath them. A mutual compact was made to keep the secret, but one or two of the faithless party seized the first opportunity to sell the information to the oystermen of City isond. Five hundred dollars was asked and readily paid for the news, twenty-five boats set sail from City Island under the cover of the night, and proceeded down the Sound. By daylight, the next merning, they were off Eaton's neck, and by the aid of ranges, previously obtained, the exact spot was pointed out, and operations commenced

Exaggerated statements have been made as Exaggerated statements have been made as to the number of vessels on the ground, some placing it as high as three and even five hundred. From the most reliable information which could be obtained, as well as by actual count by our reporter, they have never exceeded one hundred and sixty or seventy. Of these, one half at least, are boats under twenty tons, one quarter of thirty to forty tons, and the remainder ordinary cossting sloops and schooners. The largest vessels are those from New Haven and other places on the Connecticut shore. City The largest vessels are those from New Haven and other places on the Connecticut shore. City Island and Staten Island have the largest representation, mostly in sloops of a small and medium size, while every place on either side of the Sound which possesses a harbor and floating craft, had one or more engaged in harvesting the cyster crop. The motions of the fleet are controlled by the tide and wind. Forming in line at the east end of the bed—the tide setting to the westward—they move with the current, their sails being set to give them head and steerage-way. The dredges, from tw to eight and ten in number, according to the size of the vessel, are thrown over to windward, there being one man for each line; but the whole party waiting to haul up each dredge as it is filled. When the head vessels have reached the end of the "drift,"

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE,

Digate for Dead Men's Burge.

A correspondent of the Lendon Athenous gives an account of this expedition to Witching, the "striple" are added on to his score an event of the septeltion to Witching, the "striple" are added on to his score and the specific of the Lendon Athenous gives an account of this expedition to Witching, the "striple" are added on to his score as the september of the lendon array and, car Salabury Plain. The more interesting remits are thus sta'ed:

Every that the two mounds were aknowt in a line, and had a more than a fort the fine earth to more than fine the two words are thought to do with the Ron an emps, or these grassy rar parts teat you see about 80 cm to the growth sheep, to mere than fact the fine earth to mot daily throws up into memorials of its subterration and the second of the results of "Stort Stope" (or wicket keepers) and "Long Stopes" (or wicket keepers) and "Long Stope out to the Oucker City.

Descent of a Collage, d Balloon.

The Utica Herald, 1st, gives the following particulars of this occurrence, before reported by

telegraph:

We have stready noticed the ascension from the Fair Grounds at Rome, on Thursday, by Mr. Cor and Mr. Joseni S. Cottman, and have briefly recorded their rapid descent, owing to an accidentio the balloon which took them sky-ward. Yesterday we met the gentlemen who made the tripy nd from their own tips learned the particulars of the exciting voyage. We annex the narrative of Mesers. Cor andCorr Man:

They started at precisely four o'clock—the ascent was rapid after reaching an altitude of about two hundred feet. The balcon at first took a north-westerly course, but at a height of about a mile, took a due south course for a distance of about five miles; then at a height of ever two miles the balloon struck the famous easterly current so often alluded to by balloonists.

The body of the balloon was constantly expanding from the effects of the heat and air. There were telegraph:

The body of the basicon was constantly expanding from the effects of the heat and air. There were clouds below fleating in the air, and the reflection of the sun's light upon the air vessel was very perceptible. The glare at times was aimost blinding. When the casteric current was rached, the balloon drifted toward the east at a speed of about thirty miles per hour, and the voyagers were in high gies. At this point the scene below was grand in the extreme—the earth had aimost assumed the appet of a piece of meesic work—small objects were not visible, yet streams, villages and cities were flowerfulle as distinct objects on the surface.

At about twenty mutuels before five, Mr. Cor discovered that a jar't of the apparatus pertaining to the safety valve of his balloon was deranged, and was so located that it could not be restored. He at once attempted to discharge the gas from the upper valve, in order to descend—conscious that the top worked well—but the pressure on the safety-valve, (which had been deranged) from the lower part of the balloon, was so great that an explosion followed, causing a rent in the balloon from the lower valve to tag greatest direumference. The rent was some forty feet in ength.

The sound accompanying the explosion was about equivalent to the discharge of a musick. In about one minute after, the descent was so rapid as to increase the rent of the texture of the balloon about fifty feet, thus leaving almost the cuttre upper portion of the air yeased open. In half a minute after the second rent was discovered there was not a foot of gas in the balloon. For nearly half a mile, the regulage of a ship in a storm.

Lessending half a mile, the main portion of the air yeased open. In half a minute after the second rent was discovered there was not a foot of gas in the balloon that one experiences in a high swing in rapid motion. The safe and particularly and the balloon as the safety of the remains of the balloon was brown on one side of the netting, and caused the air vessel to sway violently,

Fearfal Somnambullim.

The Detroit Free Press describes a fearful scene which was witnessed in that city at half-past two o'clock, on the night of the 25th. A servant girl in the family, 18 years old, was discovered in her long night dress, walking noiselessly along the narrow ridge of the steep roof of the house:

In her long night dress, walking noiselessly along the narrow ridge of the steep roof of the house:

The spectral form paces slowly to and fro on the narrow ridge-board which covered the apex of the roof, approaching in fearful proximity of the abrupt termination at the ends, and calmly turning about to retrace the distance. The house was a high one, and a misstep or a step too far would have plunged the night walker down to certain destruction. The walker cocasionally raised her hand to her head, as though engaged in thought or troubled with pain.—
The head always maintained the same position. A chimney stood directly in the middle of the roof around which she passed with ease, placing one hand upon its top, and walking down the sloping roof to get around. Once in this spectral walk she paused at the edge of the roof, and looked straight ahead.

A waving movement of the right hand accompanied the act, when the walk was again renewed. The same spot was rached again, a few moments after, when the figure again paused, and again gazed out into the darkness, and then, with a slow motion, stretched out a hand, and with outspread fingers clutched at something which had no existence except in the fevered mind of the sleeper. The other hand was then extended in like manner, and the body went forward in such a way, that the upper portion hung over the abyss, while the fingers reached out, until there was no further reaching, and then clutched again with a quick convulsive snatch, and were withdrawn. The form was motionless a moment; and then commenced its walk again, continuing as far as the middle of the roof, when it turned toward the rear of the house, and moving down the slope of the roof, descended through a flyight to her own room. Hastening in, he aroused his wife, and went with her to the girl's room, and found her sitting on the side of the bed, wide awake, and in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She had no knowledge of the cocurrence, but had been awakened by the noise of her employer entering the hou

An Actress in a Lunatic Asylum.

The Buffalo Advertiser's local lately visited the Asylum for the Insane in that city, and thus alludes to one of the innates, Mrs. MARY Corp. formerly well-known as an actress, and the wife of Mr. H. B. Corp., or Copland, formerly one of the stock actors in the Metropolitan Theatre. The editor says of her history:

When we saw her, she evinced no sign of insanity, but begged for some stimulant to relieve the gnawing weariness of her outworn system. A few old numbers of literary periodicals were scattered on her bedside, and helped to occupy her mind. The thin and wan face, cowering attitude, the ceil and the outside throng of limatics, formed such a picture as might have illustrated one of the saddest works of fiction. She conversed freely and intelligently, and although she had been accustomed in early life to all the luxuries of a Southern home, she made no compaint, but seemed to be glad of the shelter given to ber and the kindness of the attending physician.

When she came to this city she was possessed of ample funds in her own right, out of which a house was built and furnished. Her husband was dissipated, and it is said that with all the tenderness of a true woman, she strove to win him back from his excesses. It was all in vain. Fault followed fault, and be finally deserted her, leaving her heart broken and too lift or arm a fivelihood. Furniture and dress went, article after article, to satisfy the urgent oravings of hunger, until insanity supervened and the poor house was a welcome home.

Takhasiy'ng Panlamator.

BY RIS EXCELLENCY, EDWIN D. WORGAN, GOY ERSOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. The gathered barvest, and the varied tues Autumn, admonish us that another year is deswing to a close. To us, as a State and a Nation, it has been a year of countless blessings. The labors of the husbandman have been most abundantly rewarded comman have been most summinuty rewarded. Commerce and Manufactures are recovering from the great prestration into which the late revulsion had thrown them. The pestilence, so much dreaded at our principal seaport, has been happily averted, and health has reigned within our borders. While vast multitudes, in foreign lands, have been summoned from their homes to engage in bloody conflict, or t stand in battle array, we have be n permitted, in the Providence of God, to continue in the enjoyment of freedom and self-government, and to pursue, amid the pleasures and comforts of our own firesides, our mexampled career of peace and prosperity.

These and the unnumbered other bounties which save been showered upon us as a people and as individuals, should serve to remind us that the homage of grateful hearts is due to Him from whom these mercies flow.

I do, therefore, in humble reverence, appoint

THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, as a day of general Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God; and I invite all persons to abstain on that day from their usual arcestions, and to unite in public declarations of their gratitude to our Heavenly Father, the Author and Giver of everything.

In witness whereof, I have bereunto signed me name and affixed the Privy Scal of the State, at s.] the City of Albany, this first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-mins. By the Governor. (Signed) EDWIN D. MORGAN.
GEORGE BLISS, Jr., Private Secretary.

Grouse Bunting on the Prairie.

The prairie chicken incubates in the tall grass of the wild prairie, or in fence corners, the little patches of meadow, and other undistubed nowks of the farm, each pair of birds hatching out a brood of from ten to twelve young ones—the hen and the cock relieving each other alternately on the nest. When disturbed on the nest, or with her young brood, the hen has, in common with the qualit, the plover, the dove, and other birds, the faculty of simulating disability, and will flutter along, just out of reach, apparently with a broken wing, until she leads the intruder away from her nest or brood, when suddenly recovering, she will take wing and fly away. The proper time for shooting grouse is between the first of August and the last of Cctober, during which time they feed upon the scattered grain in the stubble fields, and lie close to the dog. They are then fat, tender and juicy, with a fine gameish flavor. Until the heavy frosts set in, late in the fall, each brood lives and forages as an independent Until the heavy frosts set in, late in the fall, each brood lives and forages as an independent community; but, en the approach of winter, they become gregarious, and collect in large ficks. In cold weather, they perch on the fences, where they are slaughtered in large numbers by the pothunters—the hunter sneaking along the fence-corners until within range, and often killing half a dozen at a shot. The flight of the grouse, when flushed by the dog, like that of the quail, is in a direct line, and very rapid. When young, they are shot readily, even by bunglers; but when full grown, it requires a quick eye and steady nerve to bring them down.—Cincinnati Commercial

Overrun with Bears.

Overrun with Bears.

The Wisconsin papers come to us freighted with the terrible accounts of the fright caused to the inhabitants in all parts of that State by wild and savage black bears. In many of the more sparsely settled parts of the State, they are so numerous that even the inhabitants are alarmed for their safety, while sheep, hogs, poultry and vegetables are carried off by them with a degree of boldness unparalleled in the experience of frontier life. They approach farm houses, says one paper, "in broad day, sometimes two or three coming together, and manifest not the slightest fear at the sight of human beings, while dogs are seized in their fatal hug and carried off to their lairs, when more desirable provender, can not be found." They even venture into villages in search of prey. So numerous and troublesome are the bears, and so great the ravages they are producing, that a committee of citizens was about to be appointed to wait upon the honorable Mr. Grant Berkelly, (who, it will be remembered, came over from England with a large pack of dogs to hunt buffaloes,) and entreat his aid in their extermination. Mr. Barkelly and his dogs are still somewhere in the West, and the field of hazardous adventure which is open for them among the swarms of bears in Wisconsin is such a one as the noble hunter will probably rejoice to find. Large numbers of the sportsmen and crack shots of our city are prevaring for a hunting incursion to our neighbor. probably rejoice to find. Large numbers of the sportsmen and crack shots of our city are pre-paring for a hunting incursion to our neighbor-ing State.—Chicago Times, 30th Sept.

Conflagration at Sing Sing.

About 2 A.M., Sunday, a fire broke out in the auger shop of the prison, at this place, and before the flames were subdued, the file shop, the auger shop, and the dye house were destroyed. The loss is very heavy. The file shop, occupied by James Homer & Co., employed 90 men per day. All the machinery, stock on hand, raw materials, &c., were destroyed or damaged—nothing being taken from the burning buildings. Mr. Homer's loss is estimated at \$65,000, on which it is estimated there is an insurance of about \$35,000. The dye house was occupied by BENJAM-N UNDERWOOD, for dyeing yarms used in Brussels carpets, He employed about 20 men, and estimates his loss at about \$10,060, on which there is an insurance of \$7,500. The auger shop was worked by James Homer & Co., and employed 80 men.

The State will lose in buildings about \$7,000, and an additional loss by the men being thrown out of worklowers until the buildings can be

The State will lose in buildings about \$7.000, and an additional loss by the men being thrown out of employment until the buildings can be reconstructed. Mr. HOMER was paying the State about \$1.900 a month for the services of convicts. Mr. UNDERWOOD was paying about \$717 for the men employed by him. It, will take at least six weeks to repair the shops. A fire was discovered in some old houses in the rear of the main street of the village, near the Aqueduct. There was not three minutes difference between the breaking out of the two fires. This circumstance leads to the supposition that both fires were the work of incendiaries. Two men have been arrested, upon suspicion that they have been implicated. They are supposed to be discharged convicts. discharged convicts.

A Scene at the St. Louis Pair.

A Scene at the St. Louis Fair.

A St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago Press furnishes the following

The most exciting accident of the Fair was the grand run away, turn-ever, and smash-up among the fast men who were showing off their horses and sulkies in the ring on Thursday afternoon. About twenty-five horses and sulkies were flying round the ring in the presence of ten or twelve thousand persons, when one driver ran into the gig of another one, which frightened his horse. The horse bounded off at full speed, striking several other horses and sulkies, and starting them off likewise. Within a minute the panic and run away feeling were communicated to aimost every horse in the ring. Gigs were smashed to splinters; drivers were hurled headlong frem their seats to the ground and run over; some of them held on to their reins, and were dragged along; one or two got caught with their feet in the wheels and were hurled about in a frightful manner. Some of the horses attempted to jump over the railing among the frightened spectators. Others plunged madly for the entrance and exit places, and dashed their vehicles to pieces against the sides of the passage way.

Just picture to your mind a score of high mettled horses attached to carriages, all running away promisencously on the space of an acre—crashing against each other, rolling over and springing up, plunging, kicking and squesling, around and across the area, in pell-mell terror and confusion, with portions of broken gigs following their heels, with their divers rolling or dragging in the dirt among the debris of sulkies and hoofs of the frightened horses; add to this the rush of a hundred hardy men into the ring, trying to stop the horses, many of whom getting instantly kicked dow: and run over, and the shouts of ten thousand men and screams of five thousand women, and you can form some idea of how

ung instantly kicked down and run over, and the shouts of ten thousand men and acreams of five thousand women, and you can form some idea of how the scene looked to the spectator. In five minutes it was all over, and horses, men and gigs had cleared the ring. Strange to tell, no one was killed, though several received severe contusions, and few escaped without bloody faces or soiled and torn gar-ments.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is in treaty for an estate in Switzerland; vulgar prudence inhabits princes' as well as peasants' breasts. Lours NAPOLEON has likewise a Swiss estate on which he has expended a great deal of money. If there should be a revolution in Paris, such as drove CHARLES X. and LOUIS PHILLIPPE into exile, the BONAPARTES will have provided good retreats for themselves.

retreate for themselves.

The Kenebeck Journal says that a few years since the wife of the then American Minister to England, received from a friend in New England a box of autumnal leaves, selected for their beauty and their variety of tints. The lady wore them as ornaments, and they attracted much attention, and were greatly admired by the English people. Since then these leaves have been in demand there, and every autumn packages of them are sent over in the steamers, and flash their beauty in high circles in London.

don.

"Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman
of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating
for a "gift for his fair." "Yes air," said the
dealer, confidentially; "I raised them 'ere birds
from canary seed!"

The Lordon Strike-The stmen' Delates

the Tades Unlets. The following remarks of the London Times, 19th, manifest a conciliatory spirit not hereto-fire observable. 2 bat journal has evidently been taught some practical lessons concerning the power of England's workingmen, when acting together, which it never before learned. It commerced their bitter opponent, with open enters at their efforts to compete with the power of money, and the influence of the aristocracy. It ends, not their hearty friend, for the interests of its lerdly tatrous could not quite brook that, but it has seen that the interests of the working people of Great Britain are year by year esponsed by higher and higher parties throughout the lard, and on retiring from the contest, as the excitement of it passes over, it seeks a position frem which to espouse the popular side when the same event shall again occur, as occur it must at no distant day. such is deemed, from best informed sources, the 'Thunderer's" future de-

its comments read thus . -Its comments read thus:

The bunders' strike is going the way of most strikes. The meaters are getting the better of the men, but not in a satisfactory manner, nor without causage to themselves. They are gradually getting their sheps filled, but not with their old hands. The good skilled workmen still stant out—less, perhaps, in some trades than others, but still very generally—and the public is compelled to witness the spectacle of employers ball served, while thousands of industrious men are wanting service. There is no prospect, either of a mole gratifying character, in the distance. We do not wish to see the workmen deprived of their independence, or driven to deceit, or banished to other countries. We wond far rather see them re-engaged by their old employers—a utile wis riths before, but not crushed into canning or subjection.

It must be quite unnecessary for us to repeat our conviction that the men were originally in the wrong, and that the mean were originally in the wrong, and that the mean were originally in the wrong,

banished to cher countries. We wond far rails' see this in evening and by their old employers—a nitile wist i than before, but not crushed into canning or subjection.

It must be quite unnecessary for us to repeat our conviction that the men were originally in the wrong, and that the masters, though they may have gone a step too far, did at first act in pure sof-press-vation. But they acted a little to decisively. The provocation to great but of long standing, was insufficed in the provided that the masters that they are no along the total large and they acted a little to decisively. The provocation to great but of long standing, was insufficed in the provided provided that they are the provided that they are the provided that they are they

think this extreme policy would be very unadvisable. We believe that ultimately it would prove impracticable and we are sure that it would not be for the public good.

In some shape or other, Trades Unions will be maintained, and they had better be maintained openly, according to the provision of law, and under the control of public opinion, than be reduced to the position of clar destine societies, supported through falsehoed and deceit. We thin also, to use plain words, that the masters will be all the more considerate, and the men all the more independent, if this fair resource of labor against capital is duly recognized. No doubt, it would be more agreeable to the employers of labor to have entirely their own way—but it would not be better for the men, or for a ciety at large. In this world, we must sill give and take, bear and forbear. The masters have had sore provecation, but they should not make such very "thorough" work of their retribution.

A Rio Janeiro correspondent, August 12th,

savs: The "Estrada de ferro de Don Pedro Segundo," is The "Extrada de ferro de Don Pedro Segundo," is the point upon which all eyes in the States are new resting, and upon this railroad I wish to locate you for a few minutes. Mr. PRICE (an Englishman) built the first section of this road running from Rie Janeiro to a place called Belein, some forty miles in the interior. This portion of the road is badly constructed, and during the rainy season is entirely useless, as it was nearly all last season. It is, however, now under repair, and as the Brazilian company have a very active man to superintend the matter, I expect it will do better this season than the last.

The care and engines used on the finished portion

it was nearly all last season. It is, however, now under repair, and as the Brazilian company have a very active man to superintend the matter, I expect it will do better this season than the last.

The cars and engines used on the finished portion of the road are wholly English, and they are the most disagrecable invention in this country, especially that I have ever seen. The car holds eight passengers. It is square, with slats facing each other; a door on the right hand and one on the left, which are constantly locked when the train is in motion. These doors are half glass which slides down somewhat like the glass in our omnibuses at home; but the road being very dusty the glass is seldem down, and the heat being intense, a Northern man comes within an inch of being baked brown before he arrives at the town of Belem. The train has three classes of cars—the first class costs from Rio to Belem five milreis, about equal to \$2 60 four money; the second class four milreis, the third class must be without boots or shoes on their feet. Barefocted people in Brazil travel very cheap, but a man with patent leather must pay for the privilege of wearing it.

The American Company, who have taken the second section of the read, are doing their best to complete it within a given time, but I fear they have undertaken something beyond their strength. The second section tegins at Belem, and runs only seventeen miles further into the country; but this seventeen miles further into the country; but this seventeen miles further into the country; but this seventeen miles are passed, the line takes an acute angle for two miles, and ends against a mountain on division ever is one division to the other that a stone may be pitched over the intervening distance. After the five runs like a snake, and forms a perfect W U, and so near is one division to the other that a stone may be pitched over the intervening distance. After the five runs like a snake, and forms a perfect w U, and so near is one division to the doing to the first five m

Pedigree of Flora Tomple.

Pedigree of Fiera Temple.

The origin of Flora Temple has become a subject of considerable interest in sporting circles; since her recent triumphs. The Waterville (M. Y.) Times says: "We had supposed that 'all the world and the rest of mankind' were awar that Flora Temple, the 'Queen of the Turf, was born in the town of Sangerfield. She wa' foaled in 1846, and, when quite young, sold to NATHAN TRACY, of Hamilton, Madison county, for \$13; he kept her less than three years. Flora then became the property of WHAHAM COG, DEE, of Smyrna, Chenango county, who subsequently sold her to Messrs. RICHARDSON (A KRILOGG, of Eaton, Madison county. This first kept a livery, and Flora became quite populs, with the patrons of their stable. Mr. RICHARLSON, finally took the mare to Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, and sold her to Mr. c. Vieles for \$175. Flora's dam was Madam Temple, a 'horse of all work,' first owned b' first colt."